

DOUGLAS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRES

IN

GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Non ego sum vates, sed prisca conscius ævi.

By the Rev. JOHN HUME.

To which are prefixed,

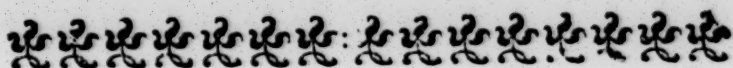
- I. An Address to the Author. By *David Hume*, Esq;
Author of the History of *Great-Britain*, &c.
 - II. Copy of an Admonition and Exhortation, by the
Rev. Presbytery of *Edinburgh*.
 - III. Copy of a Declaration by the Rev. Presbytery of
Glasgow.
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C O R K E :

Printed by EUGENE SWINEY, near the
Exchange, M,DCC,LXII.

Vol. A5 e. 2826





An Address from DAVID HUME, Esq; Author of the History of Great-Britain, &c. to the Rev. M^r. HUME, Author of DOUGLAS, a Tragedy.

My dear Sir,

IT was the Practice of the Antients to address their Compositions only to Friends and Equals, and to render their Dedications Monuments of Regard and Affection, not of Servility and Flattery. In those Days of ingenious and candid Liberty, a Dedication did Honour to the Person to whom it was addressed, without degrading the Author. If any Partiality appeared towards the Patron, it was at least the Partiality of Friendship and Affection.

Another Instance of true Liberty, of which antient Times can alone afford us an Example, is the Liberty of Thought, which engaged Men of Letters, however different in their abstract Opinions, to maintain a mutual Friendship and Regard; and never to quarrel about Principles, while they agreed in Inclinations and Manners. Science was often the Subject of Disputation, never of Animosity. Cicero, an Academic, addressed his philosophical Treatises, sometimes to Brutus, a Stoic; sometimes to Atticus, an Epicurean.

I have been seized with a strong Desire of renewing these laudable Practices of Antiquity, by addressing the following Dissertations to you, my good Friend: For such I will ever call and esteem you, notwithstanding the Opposition which prevails between us, with Regard to many of our speculative Tenets. These Differences of Opinion I have only found to enliven our Conversation; while our common Passion for Science and Letters served as a Cement to our Friendship. I still admired your Genius, even when I imagined that you lay under the Influence of Prejudice; and you sometimes told me, that you excused my Errors, on

Account of the Candour and Sincerity, which you thought accompanied them.

But to tell Truth, it is less my Admiration of your fine Genius, which has engaged me to make this Address to you, than my Esteem of your Character and my Affection to your Person. That Generosity of Mind which ever accompanies you ; that Cordiality of Friendship ; that spirited Honour and Integrity, have long interested me strongly in your Behalf, and have made me desirous, that a Monument of our mutual Amity should be publickly erected, and, if possible, be preserved to Posterity.

I own too, that I have the Ambition to be the first who shall in public express his Admiration of your noble Tragedy of *Douglas* ; one of the most interesting and pathetic Pieces, that was ever exhibited on any Theatre. Should I give it the Preference to the Merope of Maffei, and to that of Voltaire, which it resembles in its subject ; should I affirm, that it contained more Fire and Spirit than the former, more Tenderness and Simplicity than the latter ; I might be accused of Partiality : And how could I entirely acquit myself, after the Professions of Friendship which I have made you ? But the unfeigned Tears which flowed from every Eye, in the numerous Representations which were made of it on this Theatre ; the unparalleled Command, which you appeared to have over every Affection of the human Breast : These are incontestible proofs, that you possess the true theatric Genius of Shakespear and Otway, refined from the unhappy Barbarism of the one, and Licentiousness of the other.

My Enemies, you know, and I own even sometimes my Friends have reproached me with the love of paradoxes and singular Opinions ; and I expect to be exposed to the same Imputation, on Account of the Character, which I have here given of your *Douglas*. I shall be told, no doubt, that I had artfully chosen the only time, when this high Esteem of that Piece could be regarded as a Paradox, to wit, before its publication ; and that not being able to contradict in this Particular the Sentiments of the Public, I have, at least, resolved to go before them. But I shall be amply compensated for all
these

these Pleasantries, if you except this Testimony of my Regard, and believe me to be, with the greatest Sincerity, Dear Sir, Your most affectionate Friend, and humble Servant,

Edinb. Jan. 3, 1757.

DAVID HUME.



Copy of the Admonition and Exhortation by the Revd. Presbytery of Edinburgh, dated the 5th Day of January 1757.

THE Presbytery taking into their serious Consideration, the declining State of Religion, the open Profanation of the Lord's Day, the Contempt of public Worship, the growing Luxury and Levity of the present Age ; in which so many seem Lovers of Pleasure, more than Lovers of God : And being particularly affected with the *unprecedented Countenance* given of late to the Playhouse in this Place, when the State of the Nation, and the Circumstances of the Poor, make such hurtful Entertainments still more pernicious ; judged it their indispensable Duty to express in the most open and solemn Manner, the deep Concern they feel on this Occasion.

The Opinion which the Christian Church has always entertained of Stage Plays and Players, as prejudicial to the Interests of Religion and Morality, is well known ; and the fatal Influence which they commonly have on the far greater Part of Mankind, particularly the younger Sort, is too obvious to be called in Question.

To enumerate how many Servants, Apprentices, and Students in different Branches of Literature, in the City and Suburbs, have been seduced from their proper Business, by attending the Stage, would be a painful, disagreeable Task.

The Presbytery in the Year 1727, when consisting of many pious, prudent, and learned Ministers, whose Praise is in all the Churches, being aware of these Evils, did prepare a Paper, which was read from the several

Pulpits within their Bounds, warning their People against the dangerous Infection of the Theatre then erected there.

In the Year 1737, the Legislature, in their great Wisdom, did, by an Act of the 10th of George II. enact and declare, " That every Person who should, for
 " Hire or Reward, act, or cause to be acted, any Play,
 " or other Entertainment of the Stage, without the special Licence and Authority mentioned in the said Act,
 " should be deemed a Rogue and a Vagabond, and for
 " every such Offence should forfeit the Sum of 50 l.
 " Sterling.

At that time a Project was set on Foot to obtain a licensed Theatre in this City; but the Masters and Professors of the University, supported by the Magistrates, having prepared a Petition, setting forth the dangerous Tendency of a Playhouse here, with respect to the important Interests of Virtue and Learning, the Project was laid aside.

The Players, however, being so audacious as to continue to act in defiance of the Law, the Presbytery did, at their own Charge, prosecute them before the Court of Session; and prevailed in the Process. The Players were fined in Terms of Law; and Warrants being issued for apprehending them, they fled from Justice. But others came in their Place; who since that Time have attempted to elude the Law, by changing the Name of the *Playhouse* into that of the *Concert-hall*.

As such a slight Evasion, the mere Change of a Name, could not make the smallest Variation in the Nature of the Thing, the Presbytery continued to do all in their Power, and in their Sphere, to prevent the growing Evil; and think themselves at this Time loudly called upon, in *one Body*, and with *one Voice*, to expostulate, in the Bowels of Love and Compassion, with all under their Care and Inspection.

When our gracious Sovereign, attentive to the Voice of Providence, is calling from the Throne to Humiliation and Prayer, how unseemly is it for his Subjects to give themselves up to Mirth and Jolity? When the War in which we are engaged, and many awful Tokens of the divine Displeasure, bespeak us, in the Language
 of

of an inspired Writer, to *redeem the Time because the Days are Evil*, should that Time be squandered away in running the constant Round of foolish, not to say sinful Amusements? When the Wants and Cries of the numerous Poor require extraordinary Supplies, how unaccountable is it to lavish away vast Sums for such vain and idle Purposes? When the Wisdom of the Nation has guarded the Inhabitants of this City and Suburbs from the Infection of the Stage, by a plain and express Statute; is it not a high Instance of Folly, to break down that Barrier, and open a Door with their own Hands for theatrical Representations? which are in many Respects no less inconsistent with good Policy, than unfriendly to Religion; and will be found sooner or later, to affect their temporal as well as spiritual Interests.

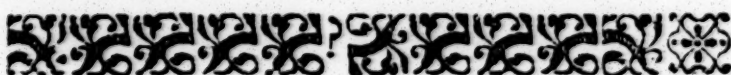
On these Accounts, and for many other obvious and weighty Considerations, the Presbytery, warmed with just Concern for the Good of Souls, do in the Fear of God, *warn, exhort, and obtest*, all within their Bounds, as they regard the Glory of God, the Credit of our holy Religion, and their own Welfare, to walk worthy of the Vocation wherewith they are called, by shewing a sacred Regard to the Lord's Day, and all the Ordinances of divine Institution; and by discouraging, in their respective Spheres, the illegal and dangerous Entertainments of the Stage.

The Presbytery would plead with *all* in Authority, with *Teachers* of Youth, *Parents*, and *Masters* of Families, to restrain by every habile Method, such as are under their Influence, from frequenting these Seminaries of Folly and Vice. They would particularly beseech the younger Part of their Flock, to beware, lest by Example, or from a foolish Desire of appearing in the fashionable World, they be misled into such pernicious Snares; Snares which must necessarily retard, if not entirely mar, that Progress in the respective Parts of their Education, on which their future Usefulness and Success depend. And, lastly, they would intreat and obtest Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, that, instead of contributing to the growing Licentiousness of the Age, may distinguish themselves by shining as Lights in the World,

being blameless and harmless, the Sons of God, without Rebuke, in the Midst of a crooked and perverse Nation; *occupying*, for the great Purposes of the Honour of God and the Good of Mankind, that Time, that Substance, and those other Talents which they have received from their Lord and Master.

On the whole, the Presbytery do, in the most earnest Manner, call upon all who have the Interest of Religion at Heart, to plead fervently at the Throne of Grace, in the prevailing Name of the great Mediator, *until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the Wilderness be a fruitful Field, and the fruitful Field be counted for a Forest: Then Judgment shall dwell in the Wilderness, and Righteousness remain in the fruitful Field; and the Work of Righteousness shall be Peace, and the Effect of Righteousness, Quietness and Assurance for ever.*

The Presbytery appoint this *Admonition* and *Exhortation* to be read from all the Pulpits within their Bounds, on the last Sabbath, being the 30th Day of this Month, immediately after divine Service before Noon.



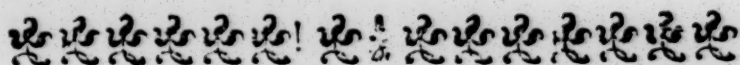
Copy of the Declaration of the Revd. Presbytery of Glasgow, dated the 14th Day of February, 1757.

TH E Presbytery of Glasgow having seen a printed Paper, intitled, An Admonition and Exhortation of the Reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh, which, among other Evils prevailing, laments the extraordinary and unprecedented Countenance given of late to the Play-house in that City; and having good Reason to believe, that this refers to the following melancholy but notorious Facts, that one who is a Minister in the Church of Scotland did himself write and compose a Stage-Play, intitled,

intitled, *The Tragedy of Douglas*, and got it to be acted on the Theatre at Edinburgh ; and that he, with several other Ministers of this Church were present, and some of them oftener than once, at the acting of the said Play before a numerous Audience : The Presbytery being deeply affected with this new and strange Appearance, think it their Duty to declare, as they hereby do, that they agree with the Presbytery of Edinburgh in their Sentiments with respect to Stage-Plays ; and particularly that such Entertainments, from what has been usually exhibited in them, and also from the dissolute Lives (for the most part) and infamous Characters of the Players, have been looked upon by the Christian Church in all Ages, and of all different Communions, as extremely prejudicial to Religion and Morality, as well as hurtful to the other valuable Interests of human Society, by the wasteful Expence of Money and Time they have occasioned ! and being convinced by long Experience, a sure Test of the Tendency of any Action or Practice, how vain it is to expect such a Reformation of the Stage as is consistent with the Ends aforesaid ; and therefore such Entertainments should be discouraged and laid aside : And the Presbytery further considering that the unprecedented Countenance given to the Playhouse, in the Instance mentioned, is greatly aggravated by a late Act of Parliament, rendering the Stage (because not licensed) unlawful in Scotland, and also from the present Circumstances of the Nation with regard to the War we are engaged in, the Dearth of Provisions, and the awful Tokens of the Divine Anger against us : They therefore hereby appoint and instruct such of their Members as shall represent them in the ensuing general Assembly of this Church, to move and insist in a regular Manner, that the venerable Assembly do declare by a publick Act, their Judgment and that of this national Church, against the Entertainments of the Theatre, as of very hurtful Tendency to the Interests of Religion and Society. 2dly, That the Assembly do strictly enquire whether the Facts above-mentioned, viz. that a Minister of this Church has composed and procured to be acted on the Theatre of the Canongate of Edin-

burgh, the Tragedy called Dougias, and that the Representation of the said Tragedy was attended by him and several other Ministers, have been under the Consideration of the Presbyters respectively concerned ; and whether these Ministers have been found guilty, have been censured as their Faults deserved ; and to give such Directions as they in their Wisdom shall find necessary, that such Ministers and all others may be sensible that the Church] of Scotland will never protect her Members in a Practice so unbecoming their Character, and of such pernicious Tendency to the great Interests of Religion, Industry and Virtue. And lastly, that the Assembly would use their best Endeavours to obtain such an Explication and Enforcement of the Act of the 17th of Geo. II. anent the Playhouse, as it may not be liable to the pitiful Evasions by which it is now eluded.

PROLOGUE



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SPARKS.

*I*N ancient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd musick of her youth alarms,
A god-like Race sustained fair England's fame :
Who bus not heard of gallant PIERCY's name ?
Ay, and of DOUGLAS ? Such illustrious foes
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose !
From age to age bright shone the British fire,
And every hero was a hero's fire.
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the Phœnix from his Parent's tomb.
But wh'lst those generous rivals fought and fell,
These generous rivals lov'd each other well :
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When PIERCY wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,
Fast came the DOUGLAS, with his Scottish spears ;
And, when proud DOUGLAS made his King his foe,
For DOUGLAS, PIERCY bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native home by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate :
Then blaz'd the Castle at the midnight hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.
This night a DOUGLAS your protection claims ;
A wife ! a mother ! pity's softest names :
The story of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear ;
In confidence she begs ; and hopes to find
Each English breast, like noble PIERCY's, kind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	LONDON.	EDINBURGH.	DUBLIN.
Lord RANDOLPH,	Mr. RIDOUT.	Mr. YOUNGER,	Mr. DEXTER.
GLENALVON,	Mr. SMITH.	Mr. LOVE.	Mr. STAYLEY.
NORVAL, DOUGLAS,	Mr. BARRY.	Mr. DIGGS.	Mr. SHERIDAN.
STRANGER,	Mr. SPARKS.	Mr. HAYMAN.	Mr. LEE.
SERVANTS.			

WOMEN.

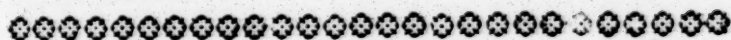
MATILDA, Lady RANDOLPH,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.	Mrs. WARD.	Mrs. KENNEDY.
ANNA,	Mrs. VINCENT.	Mrs. HOPKINS.	Miss G. PHILLIPS.



D O U G L A S :

A

T R A G E D Y.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

The court of a castle, surrounded with woods.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewel a while : I will not leave you long ;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to MATILDA's moan.
O DOUGLAS ! DOUGLAS ! If departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation : hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeleſs death I ſeem to mourn,
Who perih'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I liſt my voice ; to thee addreſs
The plain which mortal ear has never heard.
O diſregard me not ; though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.

Incapable

Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my DOUGLAS, in thy bloody grave.
But RANDOLPH comes, whom fate has made my Lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord *Ran.* Again these weeds of woe ! say, do'tt
thou well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life ?
The living claim some duty ; vainly thou
Bestow'it thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady *Ran.* Silent, alas ! is he for whom I mourn :
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

Lord *Ran.* Time, that wears out the trace of deepest
anguish,

Has past o'er thee in vain. Wou'd thou wer't not
Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone !
Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir MALCOLM :
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment :
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That DOUGLAS' son in the same field was slain.

Lady *Ran.* Oh ! rake not up the ashes of my fathers :
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.
Contending with the DOUGLAS, gallant lives
Of either house were lost ; my ancestors
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
On Tiviot's pleasant banks ; and now, of them
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord *Ran.* Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection, and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for ; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land :
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
MATILDA would not shed one Tear the more.

Lady *Ran.* Thou do'tt not think so : woeful as I am
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither goest thou now ?

Lord

A T R A G E D Y. 15

Lord Ran. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady Ran. O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet !
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

Lord Ran. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's
wish :

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand !
'T hen shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady Ran. War I detest : but war with foreign foes,
Whole manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, there an ideal line
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other, valiant both,
Both for their valour famous thro' the world ;
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And, if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport :
When ev'ning comes the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land ;
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

Lord Ran. I'll hear no more : this melody would make
A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
Sit down and weep the conquests he had made ;
Yea, (like a monk), sing rest and peace in heav'n,
To souls of warriors in his battle slain.
Lady, farewell : I leave thee not alone ;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

Enter

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your ANNA's love:
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
To interrupt your solitary thoughts ;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady Ran. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state :
But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart ?

Lady Ran. Oh !

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate ?
Forgive me, lady : humble tho' I am.
'The mind I bare partakes not of my fortune :
So fervently I love you, that to dry
'These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady Ran. What power directed thy unconscious
tongue

To speak as thou hast done ? to name——

Anna. I know not :

But since my words have made my mistress tremble,
I will speak to no more ; but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady Ran. No, thou shalt not be silent.
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it ? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never ebbing time ?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive ?

Anna. What means my noble mistress ?

Lady Ran. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows
been ?——

If I in early youth had lost a husband ?——
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth ;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.———

Anna.

Anna. O! lady, most rever'd!
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady Ran. Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of DOUGLAS' son, our house's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend
Impatient, DOUGLAS to Balarno came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
My brother's presence autoriz'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles; and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did MALCOLM go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was lord DOUGLAS' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, falt'ring I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of DOUGLAS' name. Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! altho' the earth should gape,
And from the gulph of hell destruction cry
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady Ran. The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral, from my tragic tale.—
In a few days the dreadful tidings came
That DOUGLAS and my brother both were slain.
My lord! my life! my husband!—mighty God!
What had I done to merit such affliction?

Anna. My dearest lady! Many a tale of tears
I've listen'd too; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady Ran. In the first days

Of my distracting grief, I found myself——
 As women wish to be who love their lords.
 But who durst tell my father? The good priest
 Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
 With his lov'd MALCOLM, in the battle fell:
 They two alone were privy to the marriage.
 On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
 Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
 That very night on which my son was born,
 My nurse, the only confident I had,
 Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
 But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,
 Or heard of, ANNA, since that fatal hour.
 My murder'd child!—had thy fond mother fear'd
 The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
 Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
 And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

Anna. Not seen, or heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady Ran. No. It was dark December: wind and rain
 Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
 The destin'd road; and in it's swelling flood
 My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
 O hapless son! of a most hapless sire!——
 But they are both at rest; and I alone
 Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,
 Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds:
 Nor has spiteful fate permitted me
 The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
 Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
 RANDOLPH, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;
 And RANDOLPH now possesses the domains,
 That by Sir MALCOLM's death on me devolved;
 Domains, that should to DOUGLAS' son have giv'n
 A baron's title, and a baron's power.
 Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
 The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
 And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,
 Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!
 How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
 Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
 Year after year hath worn her hope away;
 But left still undiminish'd her desire.

Anna.

A T R A G E D Y. 19

Anna. The hand that spins th' uneven thread of life,
May smooth the length that's yet to come of your's.

Lady Ran. Not in this world: I have consider'd well
It's various evils, and on whom they fall.

Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?

And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.

O! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!

Had some good angel op'd to me the book

Of providence, and let me read my life,

My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum

Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That God, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.

But we must leave this theme: GLENALVON comes:

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,

And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady Ran. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly iikesome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of RANDOLPH's heir?

Lady Ran. Because he's not the heir of RANDOLPH's
virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind

An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different men, it's features. Self-denied,

And master of his appetites he seems:

But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,

Watches to seize unseen the with'd-for prey.

Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,

As in GLENALVON's unrelenting mind.

Yet is he brave and politic in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:

Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

[Exit Lady RANDOLPH.]

Anna. O happiness! where art thou to be found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd:

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;

Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?

Like

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

Anna. Wou'd that I were, e'en as thou say'd, a seer,
To have my doubts by heav'nly vision clear'd !

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? what hast thou to do
With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be questioned: think of these good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes. [*Exit Anna.*]

GLENALVON solus.

So! Lady RANDOLPH shuns me; by and by
I'll woo her as the lion does his brides.
The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power.
The season is most apt; my founding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
RANDOLPH has liv'd too long: his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour;
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!
Heaven is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe:
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear: the man I dread
Is as a Dane to me; ay, and the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
No bar but he; she has no kinsman near;
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy GLENALVON.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Court, &c.

Enter servants and a stranger at one door, and Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.

Lady Ran. **W**HAT means this clamour? stranger
speak secure ;

Hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude men presum'd
To vex the weary traveller on his way?

na. *1st Serv.* By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong :
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth ;
So fore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter Lord RANDOLPH and young man, with their
swords drawn and bloody.*

Lady *Ran*. Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares
my lord?

Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth.

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death !

As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,

At the cross way four arm'd men attackd me :

Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,

Who would have quickly laid LORD RANDOLPH low,

Had not this brave and generous stranger come,

Like my good angel in the hour of fate,

And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turn'd upon him ; but his active arm

Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,

The fiercest two ; the others fled amain,

And left him master of the bloody field.

Speak, Lady RANDOLPH ; upon beauty's tongue

Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.

Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady *Ran.* My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel!

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,

And to this noble youth, who all unknown

To you and yours, deliberated not,

Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave

C T Fought on your side against such fearful odds.

Have

Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank?
Whom call the saviour of Lord RANDOLPH's life?

Lord *Ran.* I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
But I must know who my deliv'rer is. (*to the Stranger.*)

Strang. A low born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord *Ran.* Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is enobled
By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Strang. My name is NORVAL: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to encrease his store,
And keep his only son, myself at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And heaven soon granted what my fire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled,
For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends:
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps: —
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass these towers,

And,

And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord *Ran.* He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's fight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.

Ha! my *MATILDA*! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady *Ran.* I cannot say: for various affections,
And strangely mingled in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety.
Obscure and friendless, he the army fought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of heaven.

Lord *Ran.* Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts.
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way!
Next to myself, and equal to *GLENALVON*,
In honour and command shall *NORVAL* be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that *NORVAL* ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady *Ran.* I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be
My knight; and ever, as thou didst to day,
With happy valour guard the life of *RANDOLPH*.

Lord *Ran.* Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply.
(To *NORVAL*.)

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert

O'ertops

O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
 As was at first intended, to the camp.
 Some of my train I see are speeding hither,
 Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
 Go with me, NORVAL, and thine eyes shall see
 The chosen warriors of thy native land,
 Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
 With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

Lord Ran. (To Lady RANDOLPH.) About the time
 that the declining sun
 Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
 Expect us to return. This night once more
 Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
 To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
 Free is his heart who for his country fights:
 He in the eve of battle may resign
 Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
 When danger to a soldier's soul endears
 The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt RANDOLPH and NORVAL.*]

SCENE II.

Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lady Ran. His parting words have struck a fatal truth.
 O DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! tender was the time
 When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
 How many years of anguish and despair
 Has heav'n annex'd to those swift passing hours
 Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's flame
 Off, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
 Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.

Anna. May gracious heav'n pour the sweet balm of
 peace

Into the wounds that fester in your breast!
 For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Ran. One only cure can heav'n itself bestow;—
 A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
 Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
 At every happy parent I repine!
 How blest the mother of yon gallant NORVAL!

She

She for a living husband bore her pains,
 And heard him bless her when a man was born :
 She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast ;
 Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy :
 She with affection's triumph, saw the youth
 In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :
 Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
 And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume
 Your grief afresh ? I thought that gallant youth
 Would for a while have won you from your woe.
 On him intent you gazed, with a look
 Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
 Has deigned on other objects to bestow.

Lady Ran. Delighted say'st thou ? Oh ! even there
 mine eye
 Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
 I thought, that had the son of DOUGLAS liv'd,
 He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
 And pair'd with him in features and in shape :
 In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
 My boy with blooming NORVAL might have number'd.
 Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
 On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
 For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
 And like an orphan cast upon my care.
 I will protect thee, (said I to myself)
 With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure heav'n will bless so generous a resolve.
 You must, my noble dame, exert your power :
 You must awake : devices will be fram'd,
 And arrows pointed at the breast of NORVAL.

Lady Ran. GLENALVON's false and crafty head will
 work
 Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
 If I deter him not : I only can.
 Bold as he is, GLENALVON will beware
 How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
 I'll be the artist of young NORVAL's fortune.
 'Tis pleasing to admire : most apt was I
 To this affection in my better days ;
 Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd

B

Within

Within the narrow compass of my woe.
 Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
 Open it's bud, and spread its silken leaves,
 To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
 Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in it's leaves,
 And, tho' still living, die to scent and beauty?
 Emblem of me! affliction like a storm,
 Hath killed the forward blossom of my heart.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble RANDOLPH?

Lady Ran. Have you not heard, GLENALVON, of the base——

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not 'scape,
 With a strong band I have begirt the wood:
 If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
 And torture force from them th' important secret.
 Whether some foe of RANDOLPH's hir'd their swords,
 Or if——

Lady Ran. That care becomes a kinsman's love.
 I have a counsel for GLENALVON's ear. [*Exit ANNA.*]

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady Ran. I have not found so: thou art known to me.

Glen. Known!

Lady Ran. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know? By the most blessed cross,
 You much amaze me. No created thing,
 Yourself except, durst thus accost GLENALVON.

Lady Ran. Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,
 Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
 Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
 Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,
 An outcast beggar, and unpitied too:
 For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!
 Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
 Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
 If he is brought by love to misery,
 In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
 Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the aim

Which

Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd :
 For mortals know that love is still their lord,
 And o'er their vain resolves advances still :
 As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
 Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

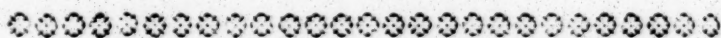
Lady *Ran.* Reserve these accents for some other ear.
 To love's apology I listen not.
 Mark thou my words ; for it is meet thou should'st.
 His brave deliverer RANDOLPH here retains.
 Perhaps his presence may not please thee well :
 But, at thy peril, practice aught against him :
 Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
 And loosen the good root he has in RANDOLPH ;
 Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
 Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
 Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
 I give this early caution, and put on
 The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
 The friendless stranger my protection claims :
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Manet GLENALVON.

Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience !
 I am not what I have been ; what I should be.
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
 In holy legends, and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd
 To catch my self, the subtle snare I set.
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means !
 Th' imperfect rape to RANDOLPH gave a spouse ;
 And the intended murder introduc'd
 A favourite to hide the sun from me ;
 And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
 This were thy center, if I thought she lov'd him !
 'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay commands me,
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?

Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity?
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
 More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge,
 Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires
 And policy remorseless? Chance may spoil
 A single aim; but perseverance must
 Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words
 Perfidious wisdom is the fate of man.
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon when rising in the east,
 Cross'd and divided by strange colour'd clouds.
 I'll seek the slave who came with NORVAL hither,
 And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
 I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
 Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit]



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Court, &c. as before.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. **T**HY vassals, Grief! great nature's order
break,

And change the noon-tide to the mid-night hour.
 Whilst Lady RANDOLPH sleeps I will walk forth,
 And taste the air that breaths on yonder bank.
 Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
 Of gracious heaven who love the human race,
 Angels and seraphs who delight in goodnets!
 Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
 There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
 That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
 With images celestial, such as please
 The blest above upon their golden beds.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
 We found the villain lurking in the wood:
 With dreadful imprecations he denies
 All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
 His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd

In the most secret places of his garment ;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha ! here is a heart,
The chosen crest of DOUGLAS' valiant name !
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[Exit ANNA.]

Enter servants with a prisoner.

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
Of what you charge me with.

1st Serv. You say so, Sir !
But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold the Lady of Lord RANDOLPH comes :
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Exit SCENE II.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Ran. Thou shalt behold me with a desperate
heart,

order Hear how my infant perish'd. See he kneels.

[The prisoner kneels.]

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance, so sweet and
mild !

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
O save me, lady ! from these cruel men,
Who have attacked and seiz'd me ; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment seat of God,
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady Ran. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye
produce ?

1st Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow Glynn,
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled.
We overtook him and enquir'd from whence
And what he was : he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his cloaths,

And found these jewels ; whose rich value plead
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems
And old in villainy. Permit us try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. O gentle lady ! by your lord's dear life !
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail ;
And by your children's welfare, spare my age !
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady Ran. Account for these : thine own they cannot be :

For these, I say : be steadfast to the truth ;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[ANNA removes the servants and returns.

Pris. Alas ! I'm sore beset ! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul !
Eternal justice is in this most just !
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady Ran. O ! ANNA hear !—once more I charge
thee speak

The truth direct ; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration ;
With which if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.

Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir MALCOLM, then BALARMO's lord ;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Receiv'd us : there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof :
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry

Of one in jeopardy. I rose and ran
 To where the circling eddy of a pool
 Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
 My reach whatever floating thing the stream
 Had caught. The voice was ceas'd ; the person lost :
 But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
 By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
 A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
 And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady Ran. Was he alive ?

Pris. He was.

Lady Ran. Inhuman that thou art !
 How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd ?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady Ran. Didst thou not ?

Anna. My noble mistress you are mov'd too much :
 This man has not the aspect of stern murder :
 Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
 Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris. The needy man, who has known better days,
 One whom distress has spited at the world,
 Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
 To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
 Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
 And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,
 Who saw no end of black adversity :
 Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
 Have touch'd that infant, with a hand of harm.

Lady Ran. Ha ! dost thou say so ? Then perhaps he
 lives !

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady Ran. O ! God of heav'n ! Did he then die so
 lately ?

Pris. I did not say he died ; I hope he lives ;
 Not many days ago these eyes beheld
 Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady Ran. Where is he now ?

Pris. Alas ! I know not where.

Lady Ran. O fate ! I fear thee still. Thou riddler
 speak

Direct and clear ; else I will search thy soul.

Anna. Permit me, ever honour'd ! Keen impatience,
 Tho'

Tho' hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travell'd to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil never would consent.
Mean while the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain: for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came ———

Lady Ran. Eternal providence! What is thy name?

Pris. My name is NORVAL and my name he bears.

Lady Ran. 'Tis he; 'tis he himself! It is my son!

O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!

No wonder ANNA. that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's
heart

Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated dame!

But yet remember that you are beheld

By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen

Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'er heard.

Lady Ran. Well do I thou counsel, ANNA: Heaven
bestow

On

On me that wisdom which my state requires !

Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady Ran. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir MALCOLM;
The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath sav'd my master's house !

Lady Ran. Thy words surprize me : sure thou dost
not feign :

The tear stands in thine eye ; such love from thee
Sir MALCOLM's house deserv'd not ; if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir MALCOLM of our barons was the flower ;
The truest friend, the best and kindest master.

But ah ! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world ;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame :
May heaven so judge me as I judg'd my master !
And God so love me as I love his race !

Lady Ran. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron ?

Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady Ran. 'Tis that I mean :
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth :
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,

'Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
 Before the king and nobles, what thou now
 To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
 Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
 Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
 And all the land shall bless the man, who sav'd
 The son of DOUGLAS, and Sir MALCOLM's heir.
 Remember well my words: if thou shouldst meet
 Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so,
 And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,
 By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
 Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?
 To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
 And make him wear these jewels in his arms;
 Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
 To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*Lady RANDOLPH goes towards the Servants.*]

Lady Ran. This man is not the assassin you suspected,
 Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.
 He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
 To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
 'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
 Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

SCENE III.

Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lady Ran. My faithful ANNA! dost thou share my joy?
 I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
 Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
 Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!
 Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!
 Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
 For such a gift! What does my ANNA think
 Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
 How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
 Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
 And tower'd up to the region of his fire.

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
 Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord

Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady Ran. The ready story of his birth believ'd
 Suppress my fancy quite ; nor did he owe
 To any likeness my so sudden favour :
 But now I long to see his face again,
 Examine every feature, and find out
 The lineaments of DOUGLAS, or my own.
 But most of all I long to let him know
 Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
 And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
 In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
 And in observers stir conjectures strange.
 For, if a cherub in the shape of woman
 Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
 Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train —
 To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady Ran. He did to ANNA ! well thy mistress knows,
 If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
 Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be
 With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
 It does behove me instant to declare
 The birth of DOUGLAS, and assert his rights.
 This night I purpose with my son to meet,
 Reveal the secret and consult with him :
 For wise he is or my fond judgment errs.
 As he does now, to look'd his noble father,
 Array'd in nature's ease : his mien, his speech,
 Were sweetly simple, and full oft decid'd
 Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
 But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
 Up rose the hero : on his piercing eye
 Sat Observation ; on each glance or thought
 Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
 Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still :
 Behold GLENALVON.

Lady Ran. Now I shun him not
 This day I brav'd him in behalf of NORVAL ;
 Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears
 For DOUGLAS thus interpret.

Enter

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame !

The hov'ring dane at last his men hath landed :
No band of pirates ; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conquers ;
To win a country or to lose themselves.

Lady Ran. But whence comes this intelligence GLENALVON ?

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me as he past, that the fierce Dane
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,
Amazing bas, looks o'er a fertile land.

Lady Ran. Then must this western army march to
The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs. [join

Glen. Beyond all question. If impairing time
Has not effac'd the image of a place,
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
Which lyes to westward of that mighty rock,
And seems by nature formed for the camp
Of water wasted armies, whose chief strength
Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse :
If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
There inaccessible their army lies
To our swift scow'ring horse, the bloody field
Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.

Lady Ran. How many mothers shall bewail their sons ?
How many widows weep their husbands slain !
Ye dames of Denmark ! ev'n for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their father's fate.
The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
Are objects suited to GLENALVON's soul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death ;
Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady Ran. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to
scorn ;

Nor

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.
 I own thy worth, GLENALVON; none more apt
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, glory
 Upon the Danish crests, redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valour be the shield of RANDOLPH.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
 Flies it's own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
 Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.
 Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

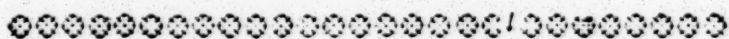
Lady Ran. Act thus, GLENALVON, and I am thy
 friend:

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
 The truly generous is the truly wise;
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady RANDOLPH.*]

Glen. [*solus.*] Amen! and virtue is its own reward!—
 I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
 How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
 And woman also! flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt it's operation: 'tis my key,
 And opes the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now I know not.
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile: 'tis her alone I fear:
 Whilst she and RANDOLPH live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
 Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
 By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.
 I am not idle: but the ebbs and flows

Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.
 That slave of NORVAL's I have found most apt:
 I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
 To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 NORVAL, I'm told, has that alluring look,
 'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
 To charm the nicer and fantastick dames,
 Who are, like Lady RANDOLPH, full of virtue.
 In raising RANDOLPH's jealousy, I may
 But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
 Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH attended.

Lord Ran. **S**ummon an hundred horse, by break of
 day,
 To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Ran. Alas! my lord! I've heard unwelcome
 News;

The Danes are landed.

Lord Ran. Ay, no inroad this
 Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
 No sportive war, no tournament essay,
 Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
 And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
 The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,
 Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady Ran. Dreadful times!

Lord Ran. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
 The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd
 In well-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
 Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
 They but retire more awful to return.

Lady Ran. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host!

Lord Ran. Were it as num'rous as loud fame reports,
 An

An army knit like ours wou'd pierce it thro' :
 Brothers, that shrink not from each others side,
 And fond companions, fill our warlike files :
 For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
 The husband and the fearless father arm
 In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
 And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady Ran. Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords,
 for war :

Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
 They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
 Hence, early graves ; hence the lone widow's life ;
 And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
 Where is our gallant guest ?

Lord Ran. Down in the vale
 I left him, managing a fiery steed,
 Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
 Of every rider. But behold he comes,
 In earnest conversation with GLENALVON.

Enter NORVAL and GLENALVON.

GLENALVON ! with the lark arise ; go forth,
 And lead my troops that lye in yonder vale :
 Private I travel to the royal camp :

NORVAL, thou goest with me. But say, young man,
 Where didst thou learn to discourse of war,
 And in such terms, as I o'erheard to day ?

War is no village science, nor it's phrase
 A language taught among the shepherd swains.

Norv. Small is the skill my lord delights to praise
 In him he favours — Hear from whence it came.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit lived ; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell,

For

For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold GODFREDO led,
 Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
 The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man wou'd shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters :
 Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts ;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen, or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Ran. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
 Those qualities, that shou'd have grac'd a camp ?

Norw. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man !
 Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought :
 The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
 Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God !
 The soldier cried, my brother ! Oh ! my brother !

Lady Ran. His brother !

Norw. Yes ; of the same parents born ;
 His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness :
 And happy, in my mind, was he that died :
 For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas ! not in his perfect mind !
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost ;
 And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady Ran. To what mysterious woes are mortals born !
 In this dire tragedy were there no more
 Unhappy persons ? did the parents live ?

Norw.

A TRAGEDY. 41

Norv. No ; they were dead : kind heav'n had clos'd
their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord Ran. Hard is his fate ; for he was not to blame !
There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom !
Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these sounds?

[*Trumpets at a distance.*]

Enter an OFFICER.

Officer. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn :
Their valiant leader hails the noble RANDOLPH.

Lord Ran. Mine ancient guest ! does he warriors
lead ?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms ?

Officer. No ; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord Ran. GLENALVON, go,
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief. [Exit GLENALVON.]

Officer. My lord, requests are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord Ran. May victory sit on the warrior's plume !
Bravest of men ! his flocks and herds are safe,
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lye,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd :
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world :
Contemners they of indolence and gain ;
But still for love of glory, and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Against each strong antagonist the spear.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[Exit RANDOLPH.]

Manet Lady RANDOLPH and NORVAL.

Lady Ran. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp
Investing awful war, NORVAL, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah ! should they not ?
Elest be the hour I left my father's house !

I might

I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady Ran. There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
This way with me; under yon spreading beech,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Norw. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
These are the sole possessions of poor NORVAL.

Lady Ran. Know'st thou these gems?

Norw. Durst I believe mine eyes
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady Ran. Thy father's say'st thou! ah! they were
thy father's!

Norw. I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd
Of both my parents whence such splendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady Ran. Then learn of me thou art not NORVAL's
son.

Norw. Not NORVAL's son!

Lady Ran. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norw. Lady, who am I then?

Lady Ran. Noble thou art;
For noble was thy sire!

Norw. I will believe——

O! tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

Lady Ran. DOUGLAS!

Norw. Lord DOUGLAS, whom to day I saw?

Lady Ran. His younger brother.

Norw. And in yonder camp?

Lady Ran. Alas!

Norw. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady Ran. Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norw. Ah me unhappy! ere I saw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady

43

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Lady *Ran.* Thy virtue ends her woe.—My son, my son!

[Falls upon his neck.

Lady Ran. Image of DOUGLAS! Fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy fire I pay thee.

Lady *Ran.* Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For sorrow made my summer haste away.
Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:
His eyes were like the eagles, yet sometimes
Liker the dove's, and as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Lady Ran. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd tale

Of

Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now Lord RANDOLPH, as my husband, holds.
But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
To right thee still: Before the king I'll kneel,
And call Lord DOUGLAS to protect his blood.

Norw. The blood of DOUGLAS will protect itself.

Lady Ran. But we shall need both friends and favour,
boy.

To wrest thy land and lordship from the gripe
Of RANDOLPH and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norw. To be the son of DOUGLAS is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady Ran. Thou dost not know what perils and in-
justice

Await the poor man's valour. O! my son!
The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,
Having no lacquay but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, DOUGLAS!
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports;
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!
Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we should part before yon chiefs return.
Retire, and from thy rustick follower's hand
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
Anxious to see thee, dictated before
This casual opportunity arose
Of private conference. Its purport mark;
For as I there appoint we meet again.
Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners still
To NORVAL's, not to noble DOUGLAS' state.

Norw. I will remember. Where is NORVAL now?
That good old man.

Lady Ran. At hand conceal'd he lies,
An useful witness. But beware, my son,
Of yon GLENALVON; in his guilty breast

Resides

Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Norw. Has he indeed? Then let yon false GLE-
NALVON

Beware of me.

[*Exit DOUGLAS.*]

Manet Lady RANDOLPH

Lady Ran. There burst the smother'd flame!
O! thou all righteous and eternal King!
Who father of the fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!
Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
Set him on high like them, that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land!
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to it's place.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
When I by reason, and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord Ran. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady Ran. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd:
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And when you enter, speak of war no more.

[*Exit* Lady RANDOLPH.]

Manet Lord RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord Ran. 'Tis so by heaven! her mien, her voice,
her eye,

And her impatience to be gone, confirm!

Glen. He parted from her now: Behold the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord Ran. For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd.

Glen. Most true, my Lord.

Lord Ran. Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth to the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This attraction (*shows a letter*) the assassin find,
Her manliest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,

Whose

Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded :
 Much more in mine. MATILDA never lov'd me.
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
 Whose heart he knows he has not ; tho' she brings
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry :
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
 Cold and contemplative ;—He cannot trust her :
 She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him ;
 The worst of sorrow and the worst of shames !

Glen. Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting thoughts ;
 But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
 'Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
 This billet must to blooming NORVAL go :
 At the next turn awaits my trusty spy ;
 I'll give it him refitted for his master.
 In the close thicket take your secret stand ;
 The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
 Of their behaviour.

Lord Ran. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit now to make one slight essay.
 Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
 By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
 The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind ;
 And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
 Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Ran. And what avails this maxim ?

Glen. Much, my lord !
 Withdraw a little : I'll accost young NORVAL,
 And with ironical derisive counsel
 Explore his spirit. If he is no more
 Than humble NORVAL, by thy favour rais'd,
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me :
 But if he be the favourite of the fair,
 Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
 He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
 Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord Ran. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let my
 Lord
 His cooling wrath refrain.

[Exit RANDOLPH.
Manet

Minet GLENALVON.

Glen. 'Tis strange by heav'n!
That she should run full t' her fond career,
To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
Whitens it's course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass GLENALVON's thoughts!

NORVAL appears.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has *NORVAL* seen the troops?

Norv. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at it's top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring they seem'd
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me *NORVAL*;
Lord *RANDOLPH*'s favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accusom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And tho' I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank GLENALVON for his counsel,
Altho' it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power

With

With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean

To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norw. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.

Your pride's excessive. Yet for RANDOLPH's sake
I will not leave you to its rash direction.

If thus you swell and frown at high-born men.

Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn!

Norw. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes; if you presume

To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,

As if you took the measure of their minds,

And said in secret, you're no match for me;

What will become of you?

Norw. If this were told! —

[*Aside.*

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self!

Glen. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

Norw. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe

Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee —

Norw. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. NORVAL.

Norw. So I am —

And who is NORVAL in GLENALVON's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;

At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norw. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lye; and false as he!
Is the vain glorious tale thou told'st to RANDOLPH.

Norw. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bedrid old,

Perhaps I should revile: But as I am

I have no tongue to rail. The humble NORVAL

Is of a race, who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,

And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,

I'd tell thee what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know GLENALVON, born to
command

Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norw. Villain, no more:

Draw and defend thy life. I did design

To

To have defy'd thee in another cause :
But heaven accelerates it's vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady RANDOLPH's wrongs.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord *Ran.* Hold, I command you both. The man
Makes me his foe. [that stirs

Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble RANDOLPH.

Glen. Hear him, my lord ; he's wonderous conde-
Mark the humility of shepherd NORVAL ! [ascending !

Nor. Now you may scoff in safety. (*Sheaths his sword.*)

Lord *Ran.* Speak not thus,
Taunting each other ; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good lord, tho' I revere you much
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words I from him have borne.
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage : but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another Lord ;
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble RANDOLPH,
Revoke your favours, and let NORVAL go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord *Ran.* Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
Suspend your purpose, 'till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader : then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord *Ran.* We come.

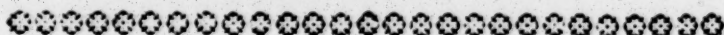
[*Exit* RANDOLPH.

Glen. NORVAL,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of RANDOLPH.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow ;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norv. Think, not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment:
When we contend again our strife is mortal.



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter DOUGLAS.

THIS is the place the center of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this mid-night scene!
The silver moon unclouded holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stillly sound.
In such a place as this at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old NORVAL.

Old Norv. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide
me hence?

His just reproach I fear. [*DOUGLAS turns and sees him.*

Forgive, forgive,

Can'st thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir MALCOLM's heir a shepherd's son.

Doug. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd for presence now compleats my joy.
Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy DOUGLAS live.

Old Norv. And do'st thou call me father? O my son!
I think that I could die to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds in the humble cote,

I learn'd

I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend ; and when my vassals bow,
NORVAL shall smoothe the crested pride of DOUGLAS.

Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation !
Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them ?

Norv. Lord RANDOLPH and his kinsman seek your

Doug. How know'st thou that ? [life.

Norv. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustomed path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds,
Of earnest voices. On the persons came :
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, lord RANDOLPH this,
And that GLENALVON : still of you they spoke :
And of the lady : threatening was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge ! for what ?

Norv. For being what you are ;
Sir MALCOLM's heir : how else have you offended ?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,
But I could think of none : at last perplex'd
I issued forth, incompassing the tower
With many a weary step and wishful look.
Now providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of GLENALVON's baseness :
But I will not suspect the noble RANDOLPH.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I marked his brave demeanour : him I'll trust.

Norw. I fear you will too far.

Doug. Here in this place

I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
What thou hast told: Her counsel I will follow:
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart; your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Norw. My blessing rest upon thee!

O may heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes be near thee still;
Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine! [Exit Old Nor.

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day; how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold, and winter shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out I will accept;
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Ran. My son! I heard a voice —

Doug. — That voice was mine.

Lady Ran. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at mid-night hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[Embracing him.]

Doug. No; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady Ran. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
'The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First let me tell

What

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady Ran. My heart forebodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good——

At eve, unseen by RANDOLPH and GLENALVON,
The good old NORVAL in the grove o'er-heard
Their conversation: oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threatnings; you they sometimes nam'd.
'T was strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady Ran. Defend us gracious God! we are betray'd:
They have found out the secret of thy birth;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir MALCOLM's heir is come to claim his own;
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No: to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
It in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady Ran. O nature, nature! what can check thy force?
Thou genuine offspring of the daring DOUGLAS!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord DOUGLAS.
Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay

And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth;
And see if any shield can guard GLENALVON.

Lady Ran. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part:
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets:
To day I've found thee. Oh! my long lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world! my son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you comfort?
The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men.
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invaders heads I'll prove my birth,
'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who if he lives not honour'd must not live.

Lady Ran. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewel, my son! my counsels are but vain.

[*Embracing.*

And as high heaven hath will'd it all must be. [*separates.*

Lady Ran. Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the
I'll point it out again. [path;

[*Just as they are separating, enter from the wood*

LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord Ran. Not in her presence.

Now —————

Glen.

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord Ran No: I command thee stay.

I go alone: it never shall be said

That I took odds to combat mortal man.

The noblest vengeance is the most compleat.

[*Exit Lord RANDOLPH.*

[*GLENALVON makes some steps to the same side of the stage, listens and speaks.*]

Glen. Demons of death come settle on my sword,
And to a double slaughter guide it home!

The lover and the husband both must die.

[*Lord RANDOLPH behind the scenes.*]

Lord Ran. Draw, Villain! draw.

Doug. Assail me not, Lord RANDOLPH;
Not as thou lov'st thy self. [*Clashing of swords.*]

[*GLENALVON running out.*]

Now is the time.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH, at the opposite side of the stage, faint and breathless.

Lady Ran. Lord RANDOLPH hear me, all shall be
thine own:

But spare! O spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS with a sword in each hand.

My mother's voice!

I can protect thee still.

Lady Ran. He lives, he lives:

For this, for this to heaven eternal praise!

But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was GLENALVON.

Just as my arm had master'd RANDOLPH's sword,

The villain came behind me: but I slew him.

Lady Ran. Behind thee! Ah; thou'rt wounded, O
my child,

How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now?

Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*]

Lady Ran. There is no hope!

And we must part! the hand of death is on thee!

O my beloved child! O DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS!

[*DOUGLAS growing more and more faint.*]

Doug. Too soon we part: I have not long been
DOUGLAS.

O destiny!

O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me:
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady Ran. Has heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like this?

Doug. O had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady Ran. Hear, justice! hear! are these the fruits
of virtue? *[DOUGLAS falls.]*

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of
me. ———

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady Ran. Despair! despair!

Doug. O had it pleas'd high heaven to let me live
A little while! — my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother ——— *[Dies.]*

Enter Lord RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lord Ran. Thy words, the words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart,
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword ———

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord Ran. The mother and her son! How curst I
am!

Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
Yon matchlets villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
A while her powers.

Lord Ran. But my deliverer's dead!
The world did once esteem Lord RANDOLPH well,
Sincere of heart, for spotlets honour fam'd:
And, in my early days, glory I gain'd

Beneath

Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
 Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me ;
 Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
 Are near at hand : for all mankind will think
 That RANDOLPH basely stab'd Sir MALCOLM's heir.

[Lady RANDOLPH recovering.]

Lady *Ran.* Where am I now ? still in this wretched world !

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.
 My youth was worn in anguish ; but youth's strength,
 With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow ;
 And train'd me on to be the object now,
 On which omnipotence displays itself,
 Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
 To awe it's vassal, man.

Lord *Ran.* O misery !

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
 My innocence.

Lady *Ran.* Thy innocence !

Lord *Ran.* My guilt

Is innocence, compared with what thou thin'st it.

Lady *Ran.* Of thee I think not : what have I to do
 With thee, or any thing ? My son ! my son !
 My beautiful ! my brave ! how proud was I
 Of thee, and of thy valour ! my fond heart
 O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
 Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
 Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
 And bear my brother's and my husband's name :
 Now all my hopes are dead ! A little while
 Was I a wife ! a mother not so long !
 What am I now ? — I know. — But I shall be
 That only whilst I please ; for such a son
 And such a husband make a woman bold. [Runs out.]

Lord *Ran.* Follow her, ANNA : I myself would follow,
 But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[Exit ANNA.]

Enter Old NORVAL.

Norv. I heard the voice of woe ; heaven guard my child !

Lord *Ran.* Already is the idle gaping croud,
 The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on RANDOLPH.
 Begone.

Norv.

Norv. I fear thee not. I will not go.
 Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,
 With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
 To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
 O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
 Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
 That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,
 Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
 Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!
 Yet never was by all thy virtues won
 To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
 Which timely known, had rais'd thee far above
 The villain's snare. Oh! I am punish'd now!
 These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,
 And not the locks of DOUGLAS.

[Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the ground.]

Lord Ran. I know thee now: thy boldness I forgive:
 My crest is fallen. For thee I will appoint
 A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
 I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.
 Curst, curst GLENALVON, he escap'd too well,
 Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
 Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
 Cursing his conqueror the felon dy'd.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. My Lord, my Lord!

Lord Ran. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Ran. MATILDA?

Anna. Is no more:

She ran, she flew like light'ning up the hill,
 Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
 Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
 Inguiph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
 As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
 And headlong down——

Lord Ran. 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I
 That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
 The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

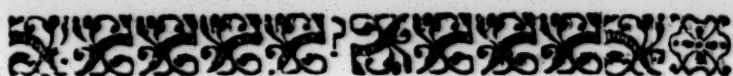
Anna. O had you seen her last despairing look!
 Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes

Down

Down on the deep: then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this? She plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord *Ran.* I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of RANDOLPH gave.
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
'Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait:
For RANDOLPH hopes he never shall return.

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

AN Epilogue I ask'd; but not one word
 Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd
 With comic wit to contradict the strain
 Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
 Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
 The noblest passion of the human breast:
 For when its sacred streams the heart o'er-flow,
 In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;
 And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
 They leave behind them such a golden soil,
 That there the virtues without culture grow,
 There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
 These were his words;—void of delusive art
 I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.
 Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
 To chase away celestial melancholy.



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